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VANISHING INDIAN TYPES

THE TRIBES OF THE SOUTHWEST

By E. S. Curtis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



WHEN Coronado, with his venturesome little band of three hundred mail-clad Spaniards, crowded his way into the North in search of the seven cities of Cibola, with their fabled hoards of gold, he encountered many small bands of roving Indians, whom he termed "wild Indians." These so-called wild Indians were the Apaches and Navajos. From their geographical proximity and linguistic relationship they were, and have been considered, in a broad way, as one group. It was with the Southern branch of this Athapascan group that Coronado and his men were brought most in contact. The village Indians of the region called them "Apaches," meaning enemy in its broadest sense—that is, "Every man's enemy." These roving bands of marauders were then living more from what they might steal from the less warlike villages and Pueblo Indians than from their hunting or farming.

From Coronado's day to the one of the final struggle when old Geronimo was made prisoner, every page of the Southwest history tells us of the Apache's cunning, ferocity, and physical endurance. Scarcely a tribe of our American Indians but what have engraved their record of crime and infamy high up on history's wall, yet above them all is the Apaches'.

From 1540 to 1853 New Spain and Mexico carried on a so-called warfare with these people. The Apaches were vastly outnumbered by the Mexican soldiery, but what they lacked in numbers was more

than made up in courage and craftiness. The Apache ever had a thorough contempt for the Mexican soldier, and in later years, when they were fighting with firearms as well as arrows, they would not waste cartridges on the Mexicans, but would kill them with arrows, spears, and stones, saving their cartridges for other and more worthy foes.

When this Southwest region became a part of the United States the Apaches were a serious problem with which we had to contend. Our Government vacillated between a simpering peace policy and the other extreme, their extermination. Their zone of wandering being intersected by the international boundary-line further complicated matters. They would raid down into Mexico and then rush back with the plunder to our side of the line, out of reach of the pursuing soldiers. Next, it would be a raid on the Arizona side and a flight into the wild mountains of Sonora. The Mexican Government attempted to assist their miserable army by giving a scalp bounty, and for years they paid out their gold coin for Apache scalps. Scalp hunting became a recognized industry. The horror of this was that, to the Mexican official, all scalps looked alike, whether from the head of a hostile or a friendly Indian. The price was one hundred dollars for a man, fifty dollars for a woman, and twenty-five dollars for a child. It is small wonder that the tribe sank deeper into savagery than ever, when we stop to think that the men knew there was a price set on the scalps of their wives and children; and there was a horde of human fiends, white

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in color, but more savage than the savage himself, who were hunting them as they would a cougar of the mountains.

After years of wabbling between peace and extermination, General Crook, with his wonderful insight into the Indian character, was given the difficult task of settling the Apache question. It took him a considerable time to perfect an army organization fit for a campaign in a country where the mountains in winter were deep in snow and bitterly cold, and the desert in summer a waterless furnace. He also had to contend, for a time, with the well-meant but more than useless Peace Commission, as well as the politician and grafter, who desired anything but a final settlement of the Indian troubles, as it was out of such troubles that they made their living. This crowd of fellows could well have been classed with the Mexican scalp hunters. The scalp hunting caused the loss of many white settlers, through the Apache's desire for revenge, and the grafter helped to continue the trouble that he might grow rich.

General Crook took the Apache question up in a manner which showed the Apache that he had to deal with a man different from any with whom he had heretofore been brought in contact. He sent out asking the Apache head men and chiefs to come to his camp, so that he might talk with them. When they assembled, he told them, "I have come here to settle the Apache fighting. You who want peace can come on to the reservation, raise crops and I will help you start your farms and the Government will buy hay and grain from you and pay you for your work. Any of you who do not want to do this and want still to fight and steal, can go back to the mountains, and I will fight you until you come in or kill the last one of you, but I am going to do just what I say. I am not going to lie to you, but I am going to kill the last Apache who does not settle down on the reservation."

The chiefs drew off to themselves for a talk. Their spokesman said to his brother Indians: "He is a new kind of man. He doesn't say anything about the Great Father or that the Great Father sent him, but he tells us that he does not lie and that he will kill everyone who does not come on the reservation."

They realized that this was truly a new

kind of man, and the outcome of that conversation was, that Crook was furnished the company of strong young Apaches for which he had asked, which enabled him to fight Apaches with Apaches. In less than two years the Apaches were a conquered people, the first day since Coronado met them three hundred and thirty-three years before.

The next two years saw great improvements among them. Lands were cleared, irrigating ditches dug, new homes built, and all was prosperity and peace. The Apache problem seemed settled. Sioux and Cheyennes and other tribes of the North were making trouble, and Crook was transferred to the Department of the Platte and at once began his campaign against the Northern tribes. He was scarcely off the Apache reservation before the contractors, Government employees, and political grafters were at work to undo all that had been done.

Their efforts succeeded so well that each year found the Apache growing more dissatisfied and restless. This culminated in the outbreak of 1882. Crook was hastily summoned and took charge of the Department of Arizona. Geronimo and many of his band were taken to the Southeast as prisoners, and the others were settled on the White Mountain reservation, which has since that time been their home.

This reservation is a part of the high table-lands of Southeastern Arizona. It is one succession of mountains and high mesa parks, broken here and there with valleys and streams. The mountains and mesa lands are wooded with pine, cedar, fir, juniper and oak, and in the valleys is found mistletoe-grown cotton-wood, willow, alder and walnut, with much sumach, all jungle woven with the vine of the grape, hop, and columbine. Everywhere, on mountain and in valley, there is a great profusion of the many varieties of cacti, and in spring-time, canyon and valley, mountainside and mesa are a blazing mass of wild flowers.

Entering the reservation by the Holbrook way, the first few miles is through a splendid pine forest which covers one-fifth of the reservation. Going down the Black Canyon the road is through a few miles of fine oaks, and then on to the valley of the White River, which has long been the home of the Apache, and before him the home of a race of which history knows but little.



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Vash-Ghon, Jicarilla Apache Chief.



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A Hill-top Camp.—Jicarilla Land.

For several miles the road clings to the crest of the canyon, at the bottom of which flows White River. As we pass along this road, low mounds are seen everywhere about us. To the uninitiated they mean nothing, but let us make a close examination. The surface is strewn with fragments of Indian pottery, and we at once know we are standing on the ruins of the home of a prehistoric people. About us has been a community life of which only a backward reckoning and the study of the Pueblo creation myths can give us any comprehension. Here they lived their life, with its cares, its joys, and its mysteries. We realize that the crumbling rock was once the walls of a home where into the world were born tiny brown infants. The infants grew to maturity, mated to dark-skinned companions, and passed on to withered leaves of life's autumn, to sit in the shade of these walls and cackle at the romping antics of other brown infants. Ages have passed, the walls have crumbled, and in the ruins trees have taken root and grown to rugged old age.

There are approximately 2,000 of the Apaches scattered about on a reservation of two million acres. Of agricultural land

they have something over two thousand acres, the greater part of which is now under cultivation. This arable land lies along the different streams which have their source among the high peaks in the north-western part of the reservation, and break through the hills and mountains on their way to Salt River.

White River and its eastern branch, with their comparatively wide valleys, come first in importance; then the Cibicou, Carrizo, Bonito and Turkey Creek.

The Apache home, which he calls *cong-ueh*, is built by forming its framework of poles, thatched with native grass. Through this loosely matted covering the smoke from the camp-fires finds its outlet, and the rain and snow sift through, making them a poor shelter in times of storm.

Squaw labor is of small account, more especially since the Apache has many wives; hence the Apache family builds many homes—in fact, a home wherever circumstances may require. The Apache himself likes nothing better than to be on the move. In his own words he says: "Why live all the time one place when many fine places to live?"



From a photograph, copyright 1906, by E. S. Curtis.

A Jicarilla Type.

In the good old days the zone of wandering centred in the mountains in what is now Southeastern Arizona. This was their stronghold, their fortress. From here they raided to the Southeast well down into Sonora (Old Mexico), west to the Colorado River, north into the Hopi and Navajo country, and east as far as central Texas. From this mountain rendezvous they would swoop down upon the Mexicans or Indians of Sonora, or perhaps upon the Pueblo villages of the north, and in later years the white settlers of the Southwest were kept in momentary peril of these roving bands. To follow them was a fruitless task and led to certain destruction. The Apache is a true nomad, a child of nature, whose birthright is a craving for the war-path, and who drew from his mother's brown breast the indomitable courage and endurance of which the world knows no equal, and a cunning which is beyond reckoning. His character is a strong mixture of savagery, courage, and ferocity, with a gentleness and affection for his family, particularly his children. He knows no such thing as fear. Death, which he faces with indifference, holds no terror for him. On the other hand, a friend may die and he will grieve to such an extent that he will commit suicide. Mr. Cooley speaks of an instance where a medicine man was killed in a tulapi debauch. His friend, a medicine man, rode up, looked at the body, chanted a few words and stabbed himself, saying, "I want to go with my brother."

General Crook, who knew the Apaches as no other man knew them, and who finally conquered them, said they were the worst tribe of American Indians to subdue. They had the instinct of the animal, the ferocity and cunning of the tiger, with the reason and logic of civilization. They rarely burned or otherwise tortured their captives, but the Mexican early learned to shoot his women rather than let them be taken prisoners.

The taking of scalps has been spoken of so commonly in the press of the United States that it has become a general practice, when speaking of a man having lost his life among the Indians, to say, "He lost his scalp." Novelists even of to-day, when locating their stories in Apache-land, almost invariably scalp the victims of Apache vengeance. As a matter of fact, one can say that the Apache never took scalps. Men who

have lived in the Apache country and have been closely associated with them for thirty years or more, claim that no full-blooded Apache ever scalped a man he killed. On the contrary, he would not touch a body after death, and would throw away his weapons if stained with human blood. Their own dead the men never help to bury. This task is left to the women.

The Apache woman, according to her code, is strikingly modest and proverbially virtuous. The success with which they conceal their bodies with their scant clothing is quite marvelous. In their conversation they know no sex distinction. The Apache language has no profanity, but what it lacks in that is more than compensated in coarseness.

With these people civilization is making considerable advancement. He who was a renegade is fast becoming a worker of the soil. Old Geronimo, the worst of them all, is passing his final years, virtually a prisoner, at Fort Sill. Jolly old Cheno, whose record of crime has few equals, tends his crops and tells of a long time ago when he, lone-handed, within a single night, killed thirty Mexicans. The spirit of the Apache is not broken; he has lost none of his cunning, craftiness or endurance, but he sees that the day of the war-path is no more.

The Apaches, like many other North American tribes, are sun-worshippers. Their myths tell them that the sun is the all-powerful deity and to it all supplications are addressed. On going into battle, planting corn, or in starting on a cattle-stealing expedition, the sun is asked to look with favor. That they believe in a future world is proved by their custom of killing horses and burying them, as well as their clothing and implements of the chase, for life in the future world. Not only the medicine men but the people claim to hold communion with the Chindi or spirits of their ancestors. They are also great believers in omens, talismans and amulets, but are very conservative and it is with difficulty that one gets them to discuss things supernatural. They will not talk about God among their own people with familiarity, and scarcely at all with the white man.

The Apache medicine man is the strongest influence among them; he is their wise man and prophet. They have a sub-chief and head chief, but the medicine man is the



From a photograph, copyright 1903, by E. S. Curtis.

The Apache Cowboy.

statesman, the power behind the throne. The chief has been elected by his people; they know they have made him such, and that he is but human; but the medicine man they believe understands things of the supernatural and receives his power from God. With all his jugglery and hypocrisy he has much that is real. Life's problems, from his degree of civilization, have been

edge tells them is best, but while its purpose is that of a utensil, it must have lines of symmetry and beauty. While decoration with them is secondary to form and usefulness, every basket is a wonderfully designed piece of handiwork and causes one to wonder how a people apparently so dull to the beautiful can be its creator.

Wherever one meets an Apache squaw



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The Lost Trail.—Apache.

well worked out. He is a deep student of nature and the supernatural. There is always about his person the medicine string and its accompanying bag of hoddenton, amulets made from slivers of lightning-shattered trees, trinkets of stone, shell and metal, none of which he allows touched by profane hands.

The Apache handicraft shows best in their basket work. It is in this that they show their love and appreciation of the beautiful. They have but few forms or shapes, and each of them shows the workings of a primitive mind on the problem before it. The basket is to be used for certain purposes. For this reason its form and material construction must be such as their knowl-

he will see the burden basket or tatsaca. This is a roughly made basket, decorated with diagonal lines which are more often painted than woven. The bottom is covered with buckskin, from which strips of the same material extend to the top; buckskin fringe hangs from the base, upper rim, and perpendicular strips. These baskets are in constant use. The women carry them on their backs by a leather string which passes across the forehead. They are also hung from the pommel of the saddle, and in them is carried everything, from the youngest baby to camp utensils. The tus, or water-bottle, is a closely woven basket, coated inside and out with piñon gum. Its form is that of a vase, its coloring a deep rich brown



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Getting Water.—Apache Land.



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The Navajo Medicine Man.



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A Chief of the Desert.—A Navajo.

from the gum with which it is coated. The tuseskoga is the most pretentious of their basket work. Its form is vase-like, as is their water-bottle; it is elaborately decorated and so closely woven that it is water-tight. The tsa is a low, bowl-shaped basket, which is used as a food dish for dry or liquid foods, and by the medicine men for their medicine paraphernalia. The materials used in their

across the saddle, and the burden basket is hung over the pommel at one side; on the other side is hung a water-bottle, and from the back of the saddle another burden basket and a second water-bottle, and then a few miscellaneous traps are fastened on, and on top of all this the Apache girl climbs, completing a splendid picture of pagan barbarism.

With the women the primitive dress was



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The Navajo Blanket Weaver in the Canyon de Chelly.

basket-making are cotton-wood and willow as the basic material. Usually the black in the design is from the martynia pod, the browns or reds are from the root of the cactus. The women do but a limited amount of weaving in beads. Most of the beads worn by them are simply strung on threads, which are wound about the neck or wrists, yard after yard, until they form a coil an inch or more in thickness.

Saddle bags or pouches are made from rawhide, with *appliqué* of the same material and red flannel, decorated further with earth paints as well as a long fringe of the leather. These carryalls are hung

a short buckskin skirt and waist of the same material; both skirt and waist were ornamented with *appliqué* of skin and buckskin fringe and, like everything else that the Apaches wore, were hung with metal pendants. The form of the garments is now the same as of old, but the material is bright-colored calico, cretonne or flannel, or such as can be procured from the trader.

Contrary to the general opinion, the Apache is a good worker. Men and women alike work at the heaviest sort of labor. The first Apache women I met were at work in a woods felling timber and cutting it into



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Out of the Darkness.—A Navajo picture in Canyon de Chelly.

cordwood. To see women in the forest working as woodmen was a novel sight to me.

These people must be self-supporting, as the Government no longer treats them as objects of charity, nor does it owe them any vast sums of money which must be paid

in annuities. The Government has lately adopted the wise plan of helping them to support themselves. The policy is to provide as much work for them as possible. This work is of a public improvement nature, such as building and improving the

highways and constructing large irrigating ditches for the benefit of the community. In time gone by if an Apache wanted a wagon, he would go to the agent and make his wants known. As he got it without effort, no care was taken of it. Now if he wants a wagon the agent gives him work that he may earn it, and it is safe to presume that when he has worked a month and a half for a wagon he will take care of it.

To-day their principal source of living is their farms along many of the streams or narrow valleys. In their natural state these valleys were a jungle of small timber and undergrowth which had to be cleared away before the land could be cultivated. Their crops can be grown by irrigation only, and many of their irrigating ditches are miles in length and well constructed. Corn is the principal crop, although small grain, beans, and vegetables form a considerable portion of their harvest.

While their environment is much the same, and the root of the language exactly so, in culture, character, and appearance the Navajos differ much from the Apaches. The Apaches were by every instinct a fighting people. On the contrary, the Navajos never were. From the nature of the country and their great numbers had they had any organized fighting ability they would have been much harder to conquer than any other of our Indians.

During the so-called Navajo war the Navajo nation had no chief with any considerable following—in fact, they never have had, like other tribes, a head chief who could demand co-operation of other head men or chiefs. In historical times Manuleto had a greater following than any other chief. Had the Navajos been under a capable leader not one of the soldiers who went into Canyon de Chelly would have come out alive.

The Navajos are a pastoral, patriarchal, semi-nomadic people. Their whole culture and development centres in their flocks. Their reservation of 12,000 square miles is desert, broken with mountain and mesa. On the mesa and low mountains there are considerable areas of piñon and cedar, and on the higher mountains a limited area of beautiful pine forests. Over this region the Navajos drive their flocks. At the season when the slight rainfall gives even a scant pasturage on the desert plains, the flocks are pastured there. As the past-

urage on the lower levels is both burned with the hot, scorching sun and exhausted with pasturing, the flocks are taken up into the higher mountains, where there is more moisture. Again as the deep winter snows come on the sheep must be taken down out of the mountains to escape them. During this time they are kept on the wooded mesa, where there is less snow, and a plentiful supply of wood, of which there is none on the plains below. Year in and year out the Navajo flocks are driven back and forth from plain to mountain-top, mesa and foothills.

While the Navajo's life is a wandering one, he is not what could be called a true nomad. His zone of wandering is limited; on the same grounds his father and father's father have kept their flocks. The average Navajo could not guide you a distance to exceed fifty miles. Last season the writer had with him two Navajo men of middle age, who had lived their lives within a day's ride of the mouth of Canyon de Chelly, and this was the first time they had traveled the entire length of the canyon. This seems strange, from the fact that it is a most remarkably scenic spot, and the larger part of the great wealth of Navajo legendary lore centres in this canyon.

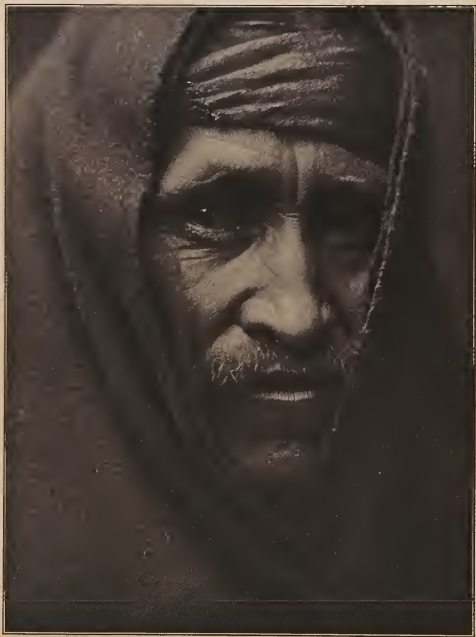
The Navajo family usually has three homes, the location of which is determined by the necessities of their life. One is the summer home, where they grow their small crops of corn and vegetables. This farming they do in the narrow sand washes, where, by planting to a great depth, they get sufficient moisture to mature the crops. In a few limited areas they have irrigated farms. In Canyon de Chelly, which may be termed the "garden of the reservation," there are tiny irrigated farms and splendid peach orchards.

In their pastoral life they naturally do not lead a community existence. Their domiciles, or hogans, are usually grouped two or three in the same locality. Each hogan represents a family, and a group is usually that of relations formed into a clan. The hogan is a dome-shaped structure of poles covered with earth. From its low construction and earth covering it is inconspicuous. One might ride from morning until night across the reservation and not see a hogan or an Indian. Still he has possibly passed within a stone's throw of many hogans and been peered at by dark



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Navajo Child.



From a photograph, copyright 1904, by E. S. Curtis.

The Singer.

eyes from brush concealments. At the end of a long day in the saddle the visitor will begin to wonder where the 20,000 Navajos have concealed themselves. To answer that question, just as the long shadows of evening are creeping on he has but to go to the summit of some of the many low mountains and look about. Here and there in every direction he sees the smoke of camp-fires as they are preparing their final meal of the day. In this clear, rare atmosphere the horizon is the only limit to his vision.

Just below, perhaps a mile away, is the smoke from a group of some half-dozen hogans; miles beyond is another group; and still beyond another, and so it is along the whole sweep of the horizon.

With a little Government assistance in utilizing the possible water-supply for irrigation, the Navajos will take care of themselves and in time make a splendid community of shepherds and farmers. For the student there is among them a great wealth of ceremonial life which shows but a slight deterioration by the contact with civilization. The medicine men are still the dominant factor of the Navajo life. These medicine men are so-called singers, and the medicine ceremonies, "sings." The principal ceremonies are the two great nine-day sings, termed by Washington Matthews, who spent many years in the study of their life, the "night chant" and the "mountain chant." Besides these two elaborate ceremonies, they have one-day sings, two-day sings and four-day sings, all for the curing of disease.

Thirty miles square of mountain-top in northeastern New Mexico is the reservation of the Jicarilla Apaches. There is no more reason why these people should be termed Jicarilla Apaches than that the Navajos should be termed Navajo Apaches. The only thing in common with the Jicarilla and the Apache groups proper is the linguistic relationship. In appearance, life, and manners they resemble more the Northern Plains Indians.

It is with the Jicarillas that we see the dividing-line between the great Northwest plains tribes and the countless numbers of desert and village Indians of the Southwest and Mexico. Their culture shows the contact with both with a slight leaning toward the ways of the northern brothers. Their domicile, while not well constructed,

is the tepee of the plains peoples. The feather head-dress is also worn by them, whereas with the Apaches the head-dress of this kind is unknown.

In their legends and myths they closely resemble the Navajos. Their origin legend, the story of the Deluge, their person of miraculous birth and the countless miracles which he performed, are almost identical with those of the Navajo.

They were not continuously at war with the Whites as the White Mountain Apaches were. However, by those who have lived in the region of the Jicarilla reservation they are considered "a bad lot." They are unfortunately, brought much in contact with the Mexicans, and from them get liquor. This fact, undoubtedly, is greatly responsible for their unsavory reputation.

Their reservation as a place upon which a community of people are expected to be self-supporting is a rather hopeless one. It might be asked why this unfortunate selection was made. Such questions are difficult to answer. It is not their original home; it was set aside for them and they were moved upon it. At that time they, like nearly all Indians, were drawing rations, and it is likely that any place where there was room enough for them to roam about answered as well as any other. As a place to live, if one is relieved of the necessity of being self-supporting, it is ideal, and in the summer-time at least is a wonderfully beautiful spot and should make glad the heart of the aborigine as well as the scenic-surfeited ultra-civilized. Owing to the high altitude, the great depth of winter snow makes sheep-raising impracticable. Being on the divide, there is no extensive water-shed, which makes irrigation a serious question with the chances against a successful outcome. Since the Government ceased issuing rations the Indians have been given employment on irrigation works.

This effort to irrigate is by means of small reservoirs depending on the winter snow-fall or flood season for their water-supply. It is too early yet to say whether the effort will meet with any degree of success or not. The summer grazing is good and with a small acreage of irrigated land which would supply the necessary winter food, Jicarilla would easily be self-supporting.

A CORNER OF NORMANDY

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

BAGNOLES DE L'ORNE,
July-August.



It is lovely looking out of my window this morning, so green and cool and quiet. I had my *petit déjeuner* on my balcony, a big tree in the garden making perfect shade and a wealth of green wood and meadow in every direction, so resting to the eyes after the Paris asphalt. It seems a very quiet little place. Scarcely anything passing—a big omnibus going, I suppose, to the baths, and a butcher's cart. For the last ten minutes I have been watching a nice-looking sunburned girl with a big straw hat tied down over her ears, who is vainly endeavoring to get her small donkey-cart, piled high with fruit and vegetables, up a slight incline to the gate of a villa just opposite. She has been struggling for some time, pulling, talking, and red with the exertion. One or two workmen have come to her assistance, but they can't do anything either. The donkey's mind is made up. There is an animated conversation—I am too high up to hear what they say. Finally she leaves her cart, ties up her fruit in her apron, balances a basket of eggs with one hand on her head, and disappears into the garden behind the gate. No one comes along and the cart is quite unmolested. I think I should have gone down myself if I had seen anyone making off with any of the fruit. It is a delightful change from the hot, stuffy August Paris I left yesterday. My street is absolutely deserted, every house closed except mine, the sun shining down hard on the white pavement, and perfect stillness all day. The evenings from seven till ten are undescrivable—a horror of musical *concierges* with accordions, a favorite French instrument. They all sit outside their doors with their families and friends, playing and singing all the popular songs and at intervals all joining in a loud chorus of "Viens Poupoule." Grooms are teaching lady friends to ride

bicycles, a lot of barking, yapping fox-terriers running alongside. There is a lively cross-conversation going on from one side of the street to the other, my own *concerge* and chauffeur contributing largely. Of course my balcony is untenable, and I am obliged to sit inside, until happily sleep descends upon them. They all vanish, and the street relapses into perfect silence. I am delighted to find myself in this quiet little Norman bathing-place, just getting known to the French and foreign public.

It is hardly a village; the collection of villas, small houses, shops, and two enormous hotels surrounding the *établissement* seems to have sprung up quite suddenly and casually in the midst of the green fields and woods, shut in on all sides almost by the Forest of Ardenne, which makes a beautiful curtain of verdure. There are villas dotted about everywhere, of every possible style; Norman *chalets*, white and gray, with the black cross-beams that one is so familiar with all over this part of the country; English cottages with verandas and bow-windows; three or four rather pretentious looking buildings with high *perrens* and one or two terraces; gardens with no very pretty flowers, principally red geraniums, some standing back in a nice little green wood, some directly on the road with benches along the fence so that the inhabitants can see the passers-by (and get all the dust of the roads). But there isn't much passing even in these days of automobiles. There are two trains from Paris, arriving at two in the afternoon and at eleven at night. The run down from Paris, especially after Dreux, is charming, almost like driving through a park. The meadows are beautifully green and the trees very fine—the whole country very like England in appearance, recalling it all the time, particularly when we saw pretty gray old farm-houses in the distance—and every now and then a fine Norman steeple.

There are two rival hotels and various small pensions and family houses. We are



From a photograph, copyright 1925, by E. S. Curtis.

Crow warriors on the edge of a precipice in the Black Canyon.

VANISHING INDIAN TYPES

THE TRIBES OF THE NORTHWEST PLAINS

By E. S. Curtis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE Northwest Plains Indian is, to the average person, the typical American Indian, the Indian of our school-day books—powerful of physique, statuesque, gorgeous in dress, with the bravery of the firm believer in predestination. The constant, fearless hunting and slaughtering of the buffalo trained him to the greatest physical endurance, and gave an inbred desire for bloodshed. Thousands of peace-loving, agricultural-living Indians might climb down from their cliff-perched homes, till their miniature farms, attend their flocks, and at night-time climb back up the winding stairs to their home in the clouds, and at-

tract no attention. But if a fierce band of Sioux rushed down on a hapless emigrant train the world soon learned of it.

The culture of all primitive peoples is necessarily determined by their environment. This, of course, means that all plains tribes—though speaking a score of languages—were, in life and manner, broadly alike. They were buffalo-hunting Indians, and only in rare cases did they give any attention to agriculture. Buffalo meat was their food, and the by-products their clothing, tools, and implements.

The plains tribes in earlier times were certainly true nomads. For a time, in the



From a photograph, copyright 1905, by E. S. Curtis.

Old-time Crow warriors overlooking the valley of the Big Horn.

depths of winter, they camped in the shelter of some forest along the streams. Other than that, wherever roamed a herd of buffalo, there also wandered the bands of Northern Indians. The very existence of these tribes seemed bound to that of the buffalo. From the skins their lodges were built. With the hair on, the hides furnished the robes for the body, as well as mattresses and bed coverings. The meat, prepared in many ways, with the addition of a few roots and berries, furnished their entire food. Advancing civilization has swept these countless herds from the face of the plains, and left their human companions stranded.

In many despondent hours of pondering over the fate of these native children I have felt that perhaps if they, too, could have perished with the buffalo herd it would have been vastly better for them. But, no! Though thousands of years behind us in civilization, they are human beings. Their loves are like our loves; their affection for their children like our own, except that

many ages of civilization have given us, perhaps, a little more self-control.

In a cabin on the plains of Montana three of us sat talking: an educated plains Indian, a Government sub-agent, and myself. I was telling of the splendid advancement of the Apaches, and how well they would work. At the close of my story the agent turned to the Indian and asked him, "Why don't your people work like that?" All about the cabin, as a decorative frieze, was a row of buffalo skulls. The Indian looked up at those skulls, saying: "They tell you why. While those buffaloes were alive we did not need to work. Only niggers and white people farmed. We were a superior people and had nothing but contempt for those who worked. Do you realize that I, a comparatively young man, know the days when if we wanted food we had but to ride out on the plains, shoot buffalo, or other game, and the women would go out and bring it into camp? Do you expect us, in the fraction of a life-time, in the quarter of



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Old Crow Man.

An old warrior in war bonnet.

the age of an old man, to have changed our whole life, and even to have forgotten the days of the old freedom, when we were lords of all the great plains and mountains? In what way does your civilization benefit us? Before you had attempted to force your so-called civilization upon us we had every desire of the heart! An easy, simple, care-free life, and to the worthy and brave a certainty of a future life of plenty and comfort. What has your civilization done for us? Robbed us of our land, our strength, our dignity, our content. Even your religion has robbed us of our confidence in the hereafter. What have you given us in return? Desire, corruption, beggary, discontent. You have robbed us of our birth-right, and scarcely given us a husk. You said we did not make use of the land as the white man would, so you took it from us and use it as you like. I could as well go to the man who has his millions loaned at three per cent. and say, 'You are only getting three per cent. for this. I can use it and make ten. I will take it because I will make the best use of it.'

It is true that advancement demands the extermination of these wild, care-free, picturesque Indians, and, in the language of our President, we cannot keep them or their lands for bric-a-brac. The fact that we cannot, however, makes it none the less regrettable or hard on the people who are being ground beneath the wheel of civilization, and though we may be able to justify our claims that advancement and progress demand the extermination of the Indians, we can scarcely justify the method used in this extermination. As the years pass on and we are able to see this subject as history, stripped of its little local prejudices, we will be found guilty, as a nation, under the manipulations of crafty, unscrupulous politicians, of having committed more than "the crime of a century." In all our years of handling the Indians we have taught them one thing—the white man seldom told the truth. The relationship of the Indians and people of this country is that of a child and parent. We will stand convicted for all time as a parent who failed in his duty.

For once we have a commissioner whose hands are free. No senator or congressman may say, "You cannot," or "You must not"; and to appeal to the Chief Executive is to be told, "As far as the law permits,

Commissioner Leupp controls the Indian Department, and I can give you no assistance." The present sane, straightforward handling of the subject is productive of great good, and it is to be hoped that many years of work can be carried on without a change of policy, as the continual changes of the department's so-called policies have been one of the Indians' greatest curses.

In June of last year I went into the hills of the Okanogan country in eastern Washington. The occasion of my going was the reburial of the splendid old Nez Percé chief, Joseph, and the erection of a man-fashioned monument at what it is hoped will be his final resting-place.

Matters dragged in the digging of one grave and the digging out of another. It was no small task, and, hoping to expedite matters, I dug, pried, tugged, and lifted in assisting to get that burial-chest out of one place and moved to another. It was what one might term a study in practical or applied ethnology. Many speeches were made. A college professor in frock coat and silk hat did part of the talking. Several chiefs and would-be chiefs in blankets and feathers did the rest. We did not have the regular Indian burial rite in the reburial. The Indians said: "Last year we buried him; this time just move him." A child died early that morning, and the Indians buried it in their own way late in the afternoon. In this there was no "Boston hat" or "Boston man's talk," but a most beautiful pagan ceremony. The mourners encircled the grave. A high-keyed, falsetto chant by forty voices, rising and falling in absolute unison, sent chills down our spines that hot June day, as does the dismal wail of wintry winds in the pine forests.

On the following day came the Chief Joseph potlatch—a *Hi-u potlatch* (Big Giving), in which every earthly possession of the old chief and his wife was given away. Through it all the wife sat by the side of the great stack of goods being distributed, handing out each article and trinket. At times when some article obviously dear to her heart was handed out great tears would roll down her cheeks. Two days were taken in this giving, and then the visiting Indians tore down the grand council lodge, and so closed the last chapter in the life and death of the most decent Indian the Northwest has ever known. No more will he beg



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Crow Dancer.

A young Crow buck in dance costume.

of the Great White Father, and say: "All I ask is to go back to the old home in the Wallowa Valley; my father's home, and the home of my father's father." His troubled life has run its course, and one of the greatest Indians who ever lived is no longer a part of the white man's burden.

The Crows, of Montana, who call themselves "Absarokas," are one of the strong groups of the Northwest Indians. They did not take to fighting with the white settlers or soldiers, but from the earliest traditions have been constantly engaged in intertribal war with the Sioux, Piegiens, and other tribes. At no time were they allied with the other tribes of the region, and, being fewer in number, their very existence was a fight for life. This fact kept them up to the height of physical condition. None but the strongest could survive. To this they perhaps owe the fact that of all of the Northwest tribes they are the finest in physique. They have a splendid reservation. It is allotted, and, so far as it is possible for Indians to get on in the battle to be self-supporting, they are doing well. But the remodelling of their life to meet the changed conditions forced on them by advancing civilization is solving the Indian problem for them, and at the present rate of decrease there will not be a living Crow in forty years.

The Custer battle-field is close to the Crow Agency. In a desire to know all that I could, at close range, of the tragedy of the Little Big Horn, I spent many days in going over the battlefield foot by foot, from where the troops left the Rosebud to the ridge where the men had made their last stubborn fight. White marble slabs mark the spots where they fell. In most cases the slabs are in twos, side by side. Strange how it is when it comes to the final end, we reach out for human companionship. There they made their last earthly stand, bunkie by bunkie.

Among the dozens of Indians I questioned of the fight was Curley, who is so often called the sole survivor of the Custer fight. He has been so bullied, badgered, questioned, cross-questioned, leading-questioned, and called, by mouth and in type, a coward and a liar by an endless horde of the curious and knowledge seeking, that I doubt to-day, if his life depended upon it, he could tell whether he was ever at or near the Custer fight.

I was particularly interested in getting the Indian point of view as to the bravery and respective fighting qualities of the different tribes. The Crows, in summing up the other tribes, claim that the Flatheads were the most worthy foes in intertribal fights, "as they fought most like us." On the other hand, they claimed that the Blackfoot was brave to recklessness, but was foolhardy and lacking in judgment; did not even know when to run. The Sioux were a worthy foe, and so greatly outnumbered the Crows that the latter could succeed in their fighting with them only by quick, bold strokes, and then back into their own country. Many a Crow war party went out to the land of the Sioux never to return.

One expects to find the highest development of the Plains Indians in the Sioux, but I question the fact. Physically they are not equal to many of the other tribes of that region. In legend and mythology the field is more sterile than with the small, isolated branches of the Algonquin stock, the Blackfoot and Cheyenne.

But it is among the Sioux that we find the greatest number of old historical characters. Each year cuts down their number, and soon these old fellows who know of the days before the coming of the white man will be no more. Red Cloud is, without doubt, the record holder of the living North American chiefs to-day. His home is close to Pine Ridge Agency. Ninety-one years old, blind, almost deaf, he sits dreaming of the past. No wonder he is irritated by the idle information seeker! Who would be called back from the dreams of his youth? Sightless and infirm, he is living over the days when in youth he sat his horse as a king, the pride of the great Sioux nation. To his ears must come the roar of the hunt as the countless bison herd, like a tidal wave, rolled by; and, again, the great day of his life, when his red-blanketed band swept down on the hapless Fetterman troop. Even now his heart must seem to stand still as he lives over again that day. And then that fearful day of the "Wagon Box" fight, when he hurled the pick of the Sioux nation against those thirty-two riflemen concealed in that corral, only to have his men mowed down by the repeating-rifles, with which this was the Indians' first meeting.

Intertribal Indian wars were, like most warfare up to a rather late date, war for



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The three chiefs, Four Horns, Small Leggings, and Mountain Chief.
Old-time Black'foot warriors



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Little Wolf.
As old Cheyenne chief.



From a photograph, copyright 1905, by E. S. Curtis.

Curley.

The notorious sole survivor of General Custer's Indian scouts.



From a photograph, copyright 1905, by E. S. Curtis.

A Nez Percé brave with a white heron's wing fan.



In the Shadow of the Cliffs.

A band of Sioux warriors skirting the Buttes in the Bad Lands.

plunder. Prehistorically there was little in the Indian life worth stealing, except the women. Later, after the Spanish invasion, there were the horses as well, which made marauding warfare far more worth while. The discouraging part of this sort of war was, that quite often the war party would fail to return to their homes, and in the camp of the enemy there would be a most merry scalp dance, with fresh scalp-locks on the *coup* sticks.

In working with the Crows I gathered together a party of the men and made a long trip across the reservation and into the mountains. My bunch of Indians were certainly a picturesque and interesting group. Two of the best characters were old Bull Chief, eighty-five years old, but still good for a forty-mile day in the saddle, and old Shot-in-the-Hand, quite a few years younger, but old enough to know a great deal of the old life. Our tents were the Indian lodges, and at night-time, around the lodge fire, the old fellows told me stories of

the old Indian life. Bull Chief was the best Indian story-teller I have ever known. With clear, keen memory he traced back the Crow history through the lives of ten reigning chiefs. He was old enough to kill Buffalo calves with bow and arrow when he saw the first white man, and his people were still using stone axes. His picture of the first time he saw a white man and the things of white man's make was most vivid. A trader, whom the Indians called "Crane," from his slender build and great height, came up the Yellowstone in a canoe, stopping at the junction of that stream and the Big Horn. Think of it! Seventy years ago these people, pure pagans, saw the first white man, and to-day we quarrel with them because they are not equally civilized with us, with all our thousands of years of education.

Our camp was by a particularly beautiful mountain stream, in a deep, narrow canyon. One night the whole band of Indians was gathered by the lodge fire to lis-



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The Oasis.

A Sioux warrior, in buckskins and feathers, allowing his horse to drink at one of the water holes in the Bad Lands.

ten to stories by old Bull Chief. Story after story had been told by him of the terrific fights with Piegan and Sioux. Many of the men had dropped off to sleep, when on the quiet air rang out two signal shots. Every Indian was awake and out of the lodge in an instant. Their conversation was low; all was nervous excitement. "Who was it? What could it mean?" You would have thought we were a war party in the land of the enemy. I had them fire shots in reply to the signal, thinking it might be someone in distress, but could get no reply. My attempt to allay their anxiety and get them to

telling stories again was useless. No more stories that night.

But the old life, with its picturesque and romantic setting, like the war-ship with its white wings of canvas, has gone—passed on forever. The reservations have been cut down piece by piece. Now the Indian is accepting the inevitable and taking his allotment of a few acres. Across valleys and around hills they are stretching fences of wire. Along the edges of the valley, where a few years ago they hunted the buffalo, they are now digging irrigation ditches. On some of the reservations one sees marked



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The Sentinel.

A Sioux warrior wrapped in his blanket, standing on the crest of a hill.



From a photograph, copyright 1905, by H. S. Curtis.

Red Cloud.

The wily old chief of the Ojibwa Sioux.

evidence of advancement of the tribe, in so far as to become self-supporting as farmers. Among other tribes, through lack of proper management, or a resistance on their own part, no marked advancement has been made. A span of years between the extermination of the buffalo herd and the present has seen such management of many groups of Indians, however, as to demoralize and make beggars of them. The longer they are fed by the Government, without any effort on their part, the more worthless they become. A visit to the average Indian reservation means to go away discouraged. You find a lack of sympathy for the Indians by those who are responsible for their management. They say the Indian is lazy, irresponsible, dishonest; that the returned students are more worthless than the uneducated, and vastly more troublesome. Talk with the Indian, and he will tell you a story that is most startling. At the best, it is an accusation that the management of the reservation affairs is dishonest and corrupt; that the principal effort the employees are making is to keep their positions; that the returned students are given no opportunity to advance, but, on the contrary, are kept down, and that the Government at Washington is not keeping the promises of the past, nor those of to-day.

The outsider must read between the two extreme statements. He can see but little difference between the uneducated and the returned Carlisle boy, except that the latter is, if anything, more crafty. Also, as soon as you make a study of one of the educated boys or men after their return to the reservation, you see that education is not civilization, and are convinced that while you can educate an Indian in one generation, you cannot civilize him in so brief a period. As soon as his school uniform is worn out you cannot pick him out from the other Indians. To escape the ridicule of his own people, and following along the lines of least resistance, he lives as his tribe lives. If, on returning home, he finds his family sleeping

on the ground, eating food squatted around the kettle in which it is cooked, he also sleeps on the ground, and joins the circle about the kettle, reaching in his fingers or spoon. What else can he do? As a matter of fact, there is little else for him to do.

As for the Indians' charge of mismanagement and incompetency, while there is much truth in their statements, it is certain that they overdraw their grievances. The department experiences great difficulty in getting capable men who have the moral strength and courage and the interest in the Indian to do the work. Generally speaking, if a man is capable of filling one of these places, he is worth more to himself than the Government pays. I can personally think of many agents who are doing all that any human being can do for the good of their people; even using money from their own salaries to help; and it is certain wherever you see an agent of that kind you see advancement. It may not be considered advancement by the people in the neighborhood of the reservation, but their point of view from self-interest is not broad enough to be considered. What they claim as knowledge is prejudice. In a recent conversation with an educated Indian, he wanted to know what I, after many years among the Indians, thought was the solution of the problem. "Your tribe is, perhaps, in the best condition of any of the Northwest Plains tribes. You have better farming lands. Your people are showing more progress, more energy, and a greater desire to accumulate property and become educated. You are decreasing at the rate of three per cent. a year. Take this pencil and figure out your own solution." At the end of a few minutes he looked up, with a surprised, wondering expression. "Why, if I live to be an old man there will be none of my people left." "Yes, my boy, there will be a few of your people left. It will be a survival of a limited few of you who are best fitted to meet the changes which civilization is forcing upon you."



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

'Twarn't no great singin'—but what it meant!—Page 673.